UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Humanism and Theism—An Eirenicon

By A. EUSTACE HAYDON

Gandhi's Great March: The First Day

By HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

Chiang Kai-shek and the New China

By KIRBY PAGE

What Is Empire? It Is Blasphemy

By REGINALD A. REYNOLDS

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV MONDAY, MAY 5, 1930 NUMBER 10

REFUSE TO SERVE!

"What would you do in the event of a new war breaking out?"—*Die Wahrheit Enquiry,* **Czecho-Slovakia.**

"I should unconditionally refuse every direct or indirect war service, and try to induce my friends to take the same stand, and this independently of any critical opinion of the causes of war."—*Professor Albert Einstein.*

UNITY appeals to its readers for gifts on behalf of the arrested and imprisoned nationalists of India. We propose to start and maintain a fund for the relief of the sufferers of the great non-resistant war for independence in that country. Already the iron hand of Britain is falling with ruthless power upon the advocates of liberty—the revolutionary fathers of the newest of the world's democracies. President Nehru has been seized and thrust away behind the bars. The mayor of Calcutta has been visited with the same fate. These are distinguished and powerful men, who can carry this weight of oppression. But hundreds of humble and nameless followers of Gandhi are being swept up daily by English arms and punished by English courts. These patriots are without resources, and therefore helpless. Their families are left destitute upon their arrest. The Mahatma himself is burdened with enormous responsibilities, and needs limitless funds for the support of his campaign. We well know that, in our own revolution, it was the receipt of French funds in the critical years which turned impending defeat into victory. It may well be that the enormous destinies of India, to say nothing of the comfort and lives of her heroic citizens, may hang upon the question as to whether money can be raised far and wide throughout the world to meet the necessities of this greatest of all human causes at this moment. What UNITY can do may be small indeed, but our mite will seem large when set over against the awful poverty of India. Nor will UNITY be alone in such work as this! Already we are hearing from persons and societies as to what they can do to aid the great Mahatma and his people. As the fight becomes more vigorous and terrible, helping hands will everywhere be lifted. At any rate, we propose to do what can be done. We appeal to our readers and friends to join us in assisting Gandhi. Send contributions to the UNITY office. They will be acknowledged in our column, "The Field." May we have generous and prompt response!

We are beginning to feel that we have guessed wrong in the matter of the Naval Treaty. We still can stir up no enthusiasm over it. The whole idea of parity disgusts us. As an agreement effecting reduction of armaments it seems to us disappointing beyond words to express. But there must be much good in the Treaty, after all. For look! The "big navy" advocates in the Senate are all of them up in arms against it. These unconscionable militarists threaten a fight to a finish on what they describe as a betrayal of American interests. Mr. Stimson and his fellow-delegates are placing our beloved country in a dangerous condition of defenselessness, say these "big stick" men, and their work in London must be repudiated to the very last period and comma. As though this were not enough, the Daughters of the American Revolution have lifted up their strident voices. Boasting of their ultra-patriotism, these furious females have attacked the President by seeking the defeat of his policies after listening to his own plea on behalf of the work of his administration. If "reds" attack the President or the government, they are of course guilty of treason, but if these D. A. R.'s stick in the knife under the fifth rib, they are loyal citizens of the Republic! Not satisfied with opposing entry of the United States into the World Court, these unworthy daughters of noble and heroic sires are opposed to the Naval Treaty and have asked that it be rejected by the Senate. Here certainly is impressive evidence that the work of our London conferees is not wholly disappointing. Surely when the "big navy" men join hands with the D. A. R.'s in seeking to destroy this work, we feel convinced that there must be much good in it. At any rate, we refuse to lend aid and comfort to these patrioteers on any issue, and therefore join heartily with the President and with Senator Borah in supporting the Naval Treaty. It can't do any harm, especially as we are under no obligation to build in practise to the parity with Britain upon which we have insisted in theory.

It looks as though President Hoover were making a collection of peace treaties, as other men make collections of autographs, first editions, and postage stamps. The prize item in his collection to date is surely the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, which we want to be something more and better than a museum-piece. Next comes the World Court agreement on the Root formula as amended and enlarged by S. O. Levinson. For

months, now, this document has been reposing in the White House, a beautiful exhibit. But is nothing ever to be done with it apart from exposing it to the gaping gaze of the multitudes? And soon there will be brought to these shores, like a prize painting from abroad, the treaty signed and sealed by the London Naval Conference. But this may not be submitted to the Senate this session, we are told, but left in the hands of the President. Another item for his rare collection! Now it happens that we are something of a collector ourselves. We know the collector's passion if not his triumphs. But we cannot associate this passion, somehow or other, with the functions of the President. With this chosen leader of the nation's life we associate another passion—the passion of battle for the right, of hot devotion to a cause, of utter sacrifice to an ideal. And it is this sort of passion which we are beginning to miss in Herbert Hoover—and it worries us. If he believes in the World Court, why doesn't he get up and fight for it? If he thinks this London agreement is worth the paper it's written on, he must submit it to the Senate *instanter,* and challenge the conscript fathers to accept it? Above all, if he believes in the Kellogg-Briand Treaty he must force it upon the attention of mankind as the guide and stay of all international action henceforth and forever? "A little more grape, Captain Bragg—*a little more grape.*"

It is now evident that the fight against the nomination of Judge John J. Parker to the bench of the Supreme Court is going to be bitter, long-sustained, and perhaps successful. The fight against Mr. Hughes, which flared up with such astonishing suddenness and heat, was lost primarily because of Mr. Hughes's great personal distinction. Those opposed most determinedly to the elevation of such a reactionary figure to the first court in the land, were obliged to admit that the former Justice was a lawyer of the very first order of ability. No such impressive fact is involved in the case of Judge Parker. This man was obviously appointed for political reasons, and seems to be a man of the most ordinary calibre. It is unimaginable that he could have been chosen for any order of mind and character above that of dozens of judges far-famed for their distinguished standing in the law. But not only is Judge Parker a man of mediocre ability. He is also, and most seriously, a man of ideas and prejudices which have no place in any court of justice. His attitude toward labor, for example, is so bad that even so conservative a body as the American Federation of Labor has started a fight to a finish against his confirmation by the Senate. In the same category is his attitude toward Negroes. Judge Parker's whole record is that of a southern "lily-white," and it is not surprising that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has started a veritable crusade against his elevation to the Supreme Bench. It is our judgment that President Hoover has made a deplorable blunder in nominating this North Carolina Republican. It seems to us almost incredible that he should have tumbled into such a mistake after his experience with Mr. Hughes. We can only hope that he will get his just deserts in a repudiation of his nomination by the Senate which will make such nominations in the future forevermore impossible.

The success of Mrs. McCormick in the Illinois primaries is nothing for women nor other people to crow over. Mrs. McCormick is able, energetic, charming, but her campaign was disreputable. To be sure, she showed up the dumbness of Senator Deneen to perfection—but at what a price! First, she breathed the breath of life into the Thompson gang in Chicago, and thus resurrected these political racketeers from the capacious grave into which they had but recently been hurled by outraged voters. She conducted a campaign against the League of Nations and the World Court based on sheer ignorance and prejudice. She herded the Negroes together on strictly partisan and racial lines, and voted them solid on issues with which they are not identified and in which she has no interest. The whole affair was demoralizing, with little credit to anybody anywhere. Yet do we find encouragement in what this campaign revealed as regards the "wet" and "dry" controversy. Illinois, we are told, is "wet." Noise shouts it, straw votes prove it! The *Literary Digest* poll, for example, is running three to one for the "wets" in Illinois. Yet Mrs. McCormick is bone "dry," as was also her competitor, Senator Deneen, and between them they gathered in 1,200,000 votes. The only "wet" candidate in the Republican primaries got a few thousand votes. On the other side, Ex-Senator Lewis, Democrat and dripping "wet," polled only 300,000 votes. The election issue is certain to be Prohibition, and it is taken for granted that Mrs. McCormick will win by an impressive majority. Even the unsympathetic correspondent of the New York *Nation* ("wet") concedes this outcome. In Illinois, he writes (issue for April 23), "The dry majority is there, and it will be there next November." Henry H. Curran, the $25,000-a-year president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, states that this Amendment will be repealed in five years. Wait and see!

The death of Robert Bridges, on April 21st last, followed hard upon the publication of his masterpiece, "The Testament of Beauty." This work sealed the fame of the Poet Laureate as one of England's greatest singers, and now marks the passing of its author as the most serious loss to English letters, since the death of Thomas Hardy. We well remember when Bridges first burst upon our spirit's skies. We were

in Oxford in the summer following his appointment by Mr. Asquith as Poet Laureate, and were passing the window of one of the fascinating book-shops of that most fascinating of college towns, when suddenly our eyes were caught by the handsome one-volume Oxford edition of Bridges's poems. We are forced to confess that Bridges was only a name to us at that time, but the name had suddenly become familiar through the official honor conferred by the Prime Minister, and we were curious. We ought to know something about the writings of the new Laureate! So we stepped into the shop and bought the book. That night we opened it in our room at the hotel, and repeated the experience of Keats with Chapman's "Homer." Never have we had such beauty suddenly burst upon us as from the pages of this volume. For days we read the poems in season and out of season. We hate to think of the lovely English landscapes that flashed by our train window unheeded as our eyes were glued to Bridges's lines. That summer the late Laureate became, and has ever since remained, one of our favorite poets. His lyrics are living things within our heart. We believe that they are among the most beautiful lyrics ever written in the English tongue, and are confident that they will be treasured forever by posterity. In his official capacity he didn't succeed, as Tennyson did, for example. He could not, or would not, write on command, and had no genius for the occasional piece. Yet his "Testament of Beauty," appropriately dedicated to the King, was an achievement unrivalled by any of his predecessors in his high office. We like to recall that after the madness of war days, in which he shared, Bridges made noble confession of his fault, and was among the first to ask forgiveness of the Germans.

Humanism and Theism—An Eirenicon

Among so many conferences would it not be possible to find a place for one that would bring into clear focus the issues between liberal theism and naturalistic humanism? Within each of these groups there is apparently a wide variety of individual coloring, yet as types of religious idealism the two main groups seem to stand opposed and apart. The theistic liberal is particularly apprehensive and anxious to dissociate himself from humanism, but usually the humanism he visualizes is too empty and barren to claim the allegiance of any modern mind. Evidently there is misunderstanding for the humanist seems to be sane, serious and even evangelical. What is the difference between these two positions and on what is it grounded? It would be interesting to have the issue clarified, and it might be of great significance to the cause of modern religion. Certainly there is no illumination and little amusement in the victorious tilting with imaginary dragons which forms the content of the current controversy in print.

Both liberalism and humanism have resulted from the effort to vitalize religion by an adjustment to the modern drift in thought and civilization. Produced by the same forces and facing the same problems they necessarily have large areas of agreement. Both are committed to the scientific attitude and method which ought to make for decorum, tolerance and open-minded sympathy in their relations with each other. Emancipation from the authority tradition of fundamentalism may be measured by this test. Both are interested in human values and are insistent that all values shall be included. The opportunity for the development of free, creative personalities seems to be the central objective of the program of social amelioration. The interest in politics, industry and education on the part of both groups is indicative of their common realization that the complete life is only attainable in a social environment adjusted to that end. The practical emphasis is the same. There could hardly be much disagreement regarding the concrete meaning of spiritual values or the social and scientific means for making them real in human living. Both groups seem to be oriented toward the future with a large measure of unity. Perhaps their separateness, if they are fundamentally separate, arises from different attitudes toward the heritage from the past.

The difference between liberal theist and humanist is quite clear to the superficial observer: the one believes in God, the other is an atheist. But this is altogether too simple and misses the essential point. The liberal theist has abandoned the god of orthodoxy as well as the working god of the people. He retains a ghost of the traditional deity in an aura of abstract words while the philosophic liberal is a step farther removed from actuality and with his intricate metaphysical devices builds a ladder of dialactic in quest of the ghost of a ghost. To all this the humanist has quietly and fruitlessly responded that the religious sciences have rendered all this philosophic futility needless since the entire metaphysical apparatus is undercut at one stroke by a functional interpretation of the gods. Less indeed than the liberal theist is the humanist a denier of the gods. He understands them and because he recognizes their functional significance in the history of religions he is unwilling to have them denied practically and honored in the abstract. If the real gods are dead as the liberals by their theologizing seem to insist, he is not interested in their philosophic shadows but prefers to deal directly with the real factors of the environing universe which shape the destinies of men. Neither Positivist nor Rationalist, least of all polemical atheist, he asks the simple empirical question—What help may

we expect in the winning of our values from the cosmic human process?—and awaits the answer from the natural and social sciences. This is not a question of logic nor of rational necessity in a universe assumed to be ideal, but a question of fact. It is probably at this point that the two groups need most to understand each other. Christian theology, taught by Aristotle, has treated God as an end; practically he is a means to an end, the attainment of the perfect and ideal life by man. He is the guarantor of human values, symbol of purpose, providence, consolation and final happiness. This is the practical meaning of god in all the religions of the world which have retained the idea of a personal god. It is just these values that the humanist is anxious to put into the social structure of the cosmic process. The liberal theist seems to assume that they are already there. Would it not be worth while to examine the factual bases for these divergent attitudes?

There is only apparent difference in the two groups regarding the status of values and ideals in the cosmic process. The theist feels that their security depends upon a divine power and purpose. The humanist is convinced that they are an integral phase of the human level of cosmic development and therefore more secure than they could be if they were mediated from some transcendent source. At any rate, considered as natural products of the growing world, they give greater assurance and confidence in an appraisal of human nature and of the potentiality of the race. Perhaps the theist is too much still under the spell of the old theology at this point; perhaps the humanist is too hopeful regarding human nature. The confusion on this issue would yield easily to understanding in conference.

There are many minor problems that would make for lively discussion in this hypothetical gathering. One is the pedagogical use of the traditional terminology. It is hardly likely that any liberal would maintain as did Cicero and Varro or Sunn-tse in China that the old terms should be used as a "means of keeping the people quiet." Sunn-tse's statement, "one cannot explain abstract things to stupid people" would be a little too frank for the twentieth century. Is there a middle ground? Important moral, psychological and social issues are involved in this problem of terminology.

A vast amount of time and energy is now expended in groping about in the shadow-lands of confusion and misunderstanding which might be better spent in a united effort to create a social environment in which the higher values of life would have right of way. All would certainly agree today that the living of a life is more important than believing a creed. When in practice and in idealism there is so much agreement it is a pity that the issues between humanism and liberalism in religion are not clarified. Sniping in books and journal articles only adds to the confusion. There must be a chance to talk back face to face. That conference would be worth the price of admission.

A. Eustace Haydon.

Jottings

The New York *Times* complains bitterly about the oil which is dumped by shipping into our coastal waters, to the great damage of birds and fishes. There is a law against it, says the *Times,* but "apparently the law is not being enforced." But, if the law is not enforced, it should be repealed, shouldn't it? If anybody objects to a law enough to violate, it must be taken off the books, mustn't it? So we have been taught by the "wets," of whom the *Times* is one.

"Hopes have not been met" . . . "certain disappointments" . . . "it didn't find a way" . . . "to be sure" . . . "all this being conceded" . . . "none the less"! These are phrases in an editorial in the New York *Times* praising the London Naval Treaty as "a great achievement."

Poland has protested to the League of Nations against tariffs levied against certain of her products by Germany. Now we know why the Republican Party has so persistently opposed the entrance of America into the League!

The man opposite us in the street-car was reading his newspaper with an almost furious intensity. His brow was knitted, his eyes riveted upon the page, his mouth drawn into a rigid line of agony. What could be the matter? What terrible news was he reading? Had the stock market smashed again? Had war broken out? Was the world coming to an end? We arose to leave the car, and bent down over his paper to see. He was reading the comic strips!

Albert Weisbord, able and brave leader of the famous Passaic strike, has been expelled from the Communist Party. He was guilty of "a tendency to have opinions of his own which didn't always agree with those of the Party." Our Communist friends are evidently not very different from our 100 per cent Americans. In both cases it's—Agree, or get out!

We have read much about Bolshevik atrocities, but have never believed them. Then, on a day recently, we attended a concert of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and heard some Bolshevik music. Now we know all the atrocities are true! J. H. H.

Parables of War and Peace

V

At the Bull Fight

"My God!" exclaimed Dick, "there's that black horse back again!"

It was only a few moments ago that we had seen him tossed aside by an angry thrust of the tortured bull, and had heard the mob yell with frenzied glee as he rolled on the sand-strewn floor of the arena. In one horrified glance, we had seen the entrails bulging out of the hole in his belly, and then the writhing body seized by attendants and borne away.

And here was the wretched beast back again in the fight! It was the same horse—there was no mistaking the white spot on his forehead, nor that long, ugly scar on his left flank. And the reddening bandages which swathed his body like an enormous saddle girth, told the tale of his recent wound. It was evident that the Spaniards were provident of horse-flesh!

Dick and I sat almost paralyzed with horror, as we watched this animal driven by whip and spur to renewed encounter with the bull. The horse was so terrified, and so weak, that he could hardly stand. But there was no escape—until again there was the dreadful thrust, a shriek more agonizing than before, and the horse, with bandages torn to shreds, writhing in the sand.

"Come along," said Dick, stumbling to his feet, and seizing his crutches. "I can't stand any more of this." And before I knew it, he was hobbling down the aisle, and out of the arena.

We had been basking in the sunshine for a long time before Dick spoke, and then it was with a queer tone, almost as though he were talking to himself, in meditation.

"Strange!" he said. And then again, after a long pause, "Strange!

"It seems to me," he went on, "that that's what they've been doing to us!"

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Why, that horse," continued Dick. "Isn't that just what they've been doing to you and me, and all the rest of the boys?

"You remember how they picked us up after the Somme, and took us to the hospital. God, I never shall forget how good it seemed to get between the clean, cool sheets, and see the nurses, and feel the quiet—and sleep. I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much in all my life as those first weeks in the hospital. You could stand the pain, for what you got in other ways."

I grunted assent. Those days were still to me like a dream of paradise.

Then I heard Dick talking, his voice strained a bit.

"But there came the day," he was saying, "when I suddenly woke up to what was going to happen. Here they were patching us up, and winding us in bandages, and petting us, and all that, just so as to get us back into the trenches. The minute we could stand on our pins, and shoulder a gun, back we'd go to the front! I remember how that made me sick for a week, and poor little Beatrice—pretty girl, Beatrice! —wondered why my fever went up, and if she was to blame."

Dick grew silent, and lit a cigarette. Then he burst out—

"And my God that's what they did! Patched us up like that damned horse, and sent us back!

"That's what they're for, those red-cross fellers. To get us before we're dead, and fix us up so we can fight again! Do you suppose they'd bother with us if they had men to spare—if it was cheaper and easier to get some 'un else to take our places? Not by a damn sight! They patched up that old horse, because they'd got to use him as long as he could stand. And it was the same with us! Think of all that greasy mob, yelling like fiends when the bull got him and bowled him out!"

Dick was silent again. Then he seized his crutches, and climbed to his feet.

"Great stunt," he said, "this war business. The folks back home wouldn't any more allow a bull fight than they'd legalize murder. But they support the war—they send us in to fight, and a lot of doctors and nurses to bandage us up when our guts stick out. And they call it 'glory'!

"Say, are we all plumb crazy—or what in hell's the matter?"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

An Old Crucifix

Beneath your crucifix
I sit quietly, in thought;
Contemplating the aged symbol
Of the old yet new
Understanding of love.

This ancient, carved-of-wood
Crucifix of Old Spain
Bespeaks all the sorrow of life;
All the hope,—
The stone rolled away,
Liberating our greater self
To a realm beyond our realm.

Beneath your crucifix
Anciently carved in Spain
I quietly sit;
And discover in silence
That which cannot be spoken.

MARIE FALCONER

Why?

If Death releases from the woes of flesh,
Frees from earth's bondage, bids the spirit go
Untrammeled from the sense-entangled mesh,
Why call him foe?

ANNERIKA FRIES

Requisites

A poet must be of the world,
Yet dwell apart—
Must feel the woes of all mankind
As arrows at his heart.

And he must view the universe
Through childhood's eyes,
And yet withal must be a seer,
Compassionate and wise.

MARGARET E. BRUNER.

Gandhi's Great March : The First Day

(Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar is a Professor in the Department of Economics and Sociology at the University of Wisconsin, U. S. A. He returned to India only a few weeks ago and is now a member of the first batch of Satyagrahis whom Mahatmaji is leading.)

I returned to the Ashram on the eve of the Great March, to be precise, at 7:15 p. m. on the 11th. On the way to the Ashram from Ahmedabad, the clouds of dust raised by automobiles, tongas and bullock-carts—all travelling pellmell in either direction—had made me realise vividly that the great event was forthcoming within twelve hours. The vast congregation of people at the Ashram, hustling to and fro, were trying to find their way to the prayer-grounds. I myself went to the usual prayer-grounds and saw people, Ashramites as well as visitors, craning their necks to discover what was happening down below on the sands of the Sabarmati. Immediately I saw a congregation of about 10,000 people crowded together in a circular form. Surely, the Mahatma is the centre of this circle, said I to myself; and in no time I darted forth to this new place of worship. A sanctified place of worship it undoubtedly was: a temple, a mosque or a church in the spiritual sense is not made of bricks and mortar. The structure made of bricks and mortar becomes hallowed by the fact of worshippers congregating there. Wherever there are two or more gathered together—or even one individual—to glorify God there surely is the true place of worship.

As I said, there must have been about 10,000 people assembled for prayer—to be more exact, for the "last" "darshan" of the Great Saint. The congregational singing had already begun. Gandhi was soon to deliver his "last" lecture—I am stumped for the right word; it wasn't a speech or a lecture in the accepted meaning of those words, nor by any stretch of imagination could it be called a sermon.

Everybody was eager to listen to the precious words that would flow from the lips of their beloved Leader. And this overpowering eagerness made things uncomfortable for everybody concerned: there were rhythmic waves of pressure from the rear to the front, three and even four rows of persons sitting in front of the standing line being compelled to stand up and thereby add to the general confusion.

I lost no time in constituting myself a self-appointed volunteer to keep order in the rear and request people to sit down and refrain from talking. I think I discharged my self-imposed responsibilities quite well.

The Mahatma delivered his message; it was a clarion call to the nation to be in dead earnest and make an end of foreign yoke. There was nothing new in what he said; the manner in which he spoke made all the difference in the world. "This may be my last address," said the great soul in a resonant tone. "The Congress President and the Congress organization must be obeyed. The iniquities of the present regime must be done away with, but the goal is to be achieved by love for all, including Englishmen, and by self-imposed suffering for our people."

The worship over, the crowd began to make its way toward the Mahatma's residence. We formed a cordon on either side of Gandhiji accompanied by some of the women Ashramites, and escorted them safely to Gandhiji's residence. On the way I presented myself before the Mahatma and made a reverential bow to him. Some of the Ashramites had told me during the evening worship that there was a rumor afloat accusing me of being a deserter; so, I queried of the Mahatma whether he had full confidence in my turning up in time for the Great March. Smilingly and with a most cheerful countenance he replied, "I am very happy to see you back, I have been assuring people that Haridas will certainly come back in time." This statement of Gandhiji's pleased me most.

People by the hundreds filled up every inch of space round about the group of buildings where Gandhiji was having last minute conference with a number of Ashramites and citizens of Ahmedabad. It took us every bit of half an hour to clear the grounds of the darshan-seekers. The crowd persisted in reappearing on the grounds because the air was tense with rumors of Gandhiji's internment. The Mahatma himself showed not the least sign of being ruffled or put out; he kept up his usual sense of humor even though as I sensed it, he seemed resigned to being prevented from leading his faithful band of seventy-eight.

I packed my knapsack and went out to see my friends, one of whom brought me a small medical kit. Some time I may take an opportunity to give you my idea of an ideal "healer"—what sort of man he should be, what things he should carry with him, etc.

The evening was yet young. The moon was shining resplendently. The evening air was intoxicating—or, mustn't one speak of the air around the Ashram as being "intoxicating"? There was peace above in the heavens—in the hearts of men and women down below was a riot of tumult. At 11:30 dame rumour had predicted Gandhi's internment. The roadside was bestrewn with men, women and children. Here and there men and women formed themselves into small knots; with bated breath they were awaiting "the moment" when Gandhi might be arrested. In low whispers they talked on all sorts of things ranging from the "saintly" quality of Gandhi to the "satanic" character of the system of Government, from the epics to politics, from God to the mundane necessities, of Gandhi and his band on the trip.

11:30 came and went—Gandhi was still in our midst. The tenseness was relieved, people began to breathe freely though somewhat uneasily. I remained awake until 1:30 a. m. of the day of the Great March. Having had a sleep of less than three hours, I was awakened by the rising bell at 4:00. As usual the prayer was held at the prayer-grounds, but today there was being heard loud singing from the roadside. The punditji was leading in congregational prayer and singing the darshan-seekers who had stayed out all night.

At the conclusion of the prayer the presiding spirit of the Ashram expressed his full confidence in God and referring to the groundless rumour of his arrest at 11:30 p. m. of the 11th, he said he got a fresh realization that morning of the Gita text. "Thy duty consists in the performance of the allotted task, not in the expectation of the reward thereof." He exhorted the womenfolk of the Ashram to be prepared to undertake all the responsibilities of conducting the Ashram by themselves inasmuch as all men would have ere long to join the fight and get arrested.

During the last two months I have been keenly

observing and studying Gandhiji; this man of peace has about reached the climax of grim determination. I sensed that unbreakable resolve in his message to the Ashramites this morning.

Immediately after the prayer I followed Mr. Mahatma to his residence and presented him with a small silver image of a cow which was entrusted to me by my friend Meherally (of the Bombay Youth League fame) who in the first instance had been given that image by somebody anonymously. The Mahatma looked at the image of the cow, pondered a bit, had his face lit up by a peculiar radiance, and said to his secretary Kusumben, "Please take good care of this—it may be of value some day. In some national emergency it may be auctioned off for a handsome amount of money . . ." Having fulfilled the task entrusted to me, I went to my room happily and cheerfully and attended to the packing of my knapsack.

At 6:30 a. m. sharp, the first batch of Civil Resisters took their places in a column two abreast, with the greatest man of the world as their captain. Ashramites and self-constituted volunteers from among the spectators had to form cordons on either side to protect us from the rush of the huge crowd that had gathered there. Every inch of space was occupied from the Ashram to almost a mile. Those of the Ashramites who were left behind were congratulating us all on being the privileged first-batchers and wishing us success. With ringing sincerity they assured us that they would soon follow us—either to the sea-coast or to the prison house. Young girls were making "kum-kum" marks on the forehead of the volunteers and sticking the sacred rice on top of those marks. They gave us a hearty and cheerful send-off; happiness was in their hearts as well as ours. It seemed as though we were celebrating a great triumphal march — or, to change the metaphor we were going to a wedding, not to the prison-house.

The leader took his place at the head of the seventy-eight. The Pundit began to play upon the mono-string (ek-tara) and sang Gandhiji's favourite song whose substance I give herewith: "The true Vaishnava is he who sympathises with others' miseries, who does not pride himself upon an altruistic act; who greets all, censures none and keeps his thoughts, words and deeds pure; who being an equalitarian, renounces desires, who looks upon other women as his mother, never utters a falsehood, never puts his hands upon others' wealth; who is never overpowered by worldly desires and in whose heart is firm renunciation."

Then began *the historic march,* our beloved captain setting the pace. You might imagine he would not be able to walk fast. There is hardly a man of his age who can walk faster than the Mahatma; there are many young men, who have to run at times to keep pace with him.

Before the procession started, every inch of available space was occupied, as I said a while ago, for almost a whole mile. *The route for seven miles resembled a sea of humanity through which we had to wade.* You could at no time for seven miles see the beginning of the procession—you might almost say, it was a beginningless, unending procession. The huge crowd would have pressed in upon us from either side but for the spontaneous action of those walking nearest to us who formed a cordon on either side. Hardly had we walked for five minutes when I realised that what we were breathing was, not the pure country air but nine-tenths dust and one-tenth air. The cordons worked effectively throughout the seven-mile march, but now and then a break would occur in the chain. Once a C. I. D. man, a very amiable person, who calls me Haridasbhai helped to keep people off and persuaded some persons to fill up the gap in the cordon. When a C. I. D. man, in spite of his ignorance and simple-mindedness, feels this way, it is high time the truth were known. *No Government can manufacture loyalty.*

It is a tribute to the self-control and discipline of our people which also is a guarantee of their fitness for Swaraj, that despite such a huge crowd our progress was not impeded. We arrived at Ellis Bridge (a distance of over three miles) in forty-five minutes, i.e., at 7:15 (please note several pauses on the way including one at the Vidyapith taking up in the aggregate five to six minutes) some speed, you would say.

After a while we left the main highway and branched off toward a narrow road leading to the river. At 8:15 we crossed the river.

Tens of thousands of people forded the river near Jamalpur (Calico Mills) and rendered the water muddy. At 8:40 we passed by the road leading to Nalol. The people of that village all turned out to have a darshan of Gandhi and his "foj" (army). The womenfolk sang an appropriate song: "Gandhiji is going out on an auspicious mission, we shall prepare 'Kansar' for him when he returns triumphant." It was one of the marriage folksongs of Gujarat in which Gandhiji's name was inserted in place of the bridegroom's.

At 8:50 we reached Chandola lake and our commandant gave orders—of course, in a most non-violent manner—to halt. The huge crowd was anxious to learn the meaning of this halt. I may incidentally give you my estimate of the crowd: over 100,000 up to the Ellis Bridge, about 75,000 up to the river, about 50,000 on the other side of the river, about 3,000 at the lake Chandola which is a little over seven miles from Ashram. Therein is a barometer of the people's enthusiasm for the Great March and the last battle of Gandhiji's life.

As soon as the procession stopped at Chandola, the Mahatma stepped off to one side and invited the others to follow suit. Word was sent to us that there was a rest period for five minutes. As soon as the people congregated around him, the Mahatma, standing as he was, lathi in hand, addressed a few words to his admirers and exhorted them to disperse and return to their homes.

Not a sign of fatigue in his face, the Mahatma with a stick five feet long, addressing a crowd of his admirers on the banks of a lake, bidding them adieu—this is a picture worthy of an artist's brush. His parting message in substance said:

"Your surpassing love for me has drawn you thus far. I appreciate your affection for me which has been so vividly demonstrated by you. . . . There were rumors of my arrest last night. God is great, mysterious indeed are His ways. I am here to say goodbye to you. But even if I were in prison, with your strength I could come back. Indeed, it is your strength that will bring us Swaraj. Go back and resolve to do your share. Propagate khaddar work, be prepared to offer yourselves as civil resisters. Let there be no flinching. Your way at present, however, lies homeward; mine straight on to the sea coast. You cannot accompany me at present, but you will have an

opportunity to accompany me in a different sense later . . . ."

Gazing wonderingly at their beloved idol, the citizens of Ahmedabad who had trekked seven miles in the procession went back and promptly at 8:55 we took our places and began to march forth. At Chandola the volunteers had rest, only our beloved captain had not a moment's rest since we had left the Ashram.

The people of Aslali came over a mile to greet us. The Indian "nagara" and "pipi" and the "bhugal" brought back to my mind pleasant childhood memories and associations. It seems to me that an Indian Military band should not exclude the "bhugal" adapted in one form or another. At 10:30 we reached Aslali—a bit tired.

While he was having lunch, I asked our beloved captain if such an uninterrupted walk of over eleven miles did not tire him out. "I should not say I am very tired; to be sure, I am tired, but it is ordinary fatigue." Continuing he said, "I myself am amazed that I should have been able to walk so far at a stretch. You know I have had no practice for some time in long distance walking." Being interested in the man both as an admirer and a biographer, I plied the Mahatma with questions concerning his childhood days. And finally I asked him what he would like to say in regard to the parallelism between the great march of 3,000 men, women and children he had organized in South Africa and the present march to the sea-coast. "Well, the technique is the same even though the organisation is different. Soul force is the weapon common to both. In South Africa, however, there were 3,000 persons, here we are only 79. Again, in South Africa we were in the midst of hostile environments, social as well as political, and we had to carry our own food-stuffs with us; here we are in the midst of hospitable environment and do not have to carry our food. The march in South Africa was attended by greater hardships than the present one."

The present march is a momentous event in modern times. It is a march for liberty, the first step in the attainment of which is the removal of the salt tax. No beginning could have been more auspicious. The huge crowds were gathered together to do homage to one who had been convicted as a criminal by the Government of the day on more occasions than one. In the eyes of the crowds compressed compactly all along the route for seven miles and in the eyes of millions of people of the world the leader of the Great March is the incarnation of saintliness and the greatest man living in the world today. No wonder his faithful band of 78 felt supremely elated at being associated with him in the great venture.

Do I have any criticisms to offer? Yes, indeed. To begin with, for full seven miles we breathed, not air but dust. Secondly, the enthusiasm of the crowd, while it was encouraging, is apt to be effervescent; it is to be hoped that the citizens of Ahmedabad in their thousands will translate into reality their love for the Mahatma. Thirdly, my knapsack was too heavy on my back. The bedding stuff, however, was kindly taken over by one of the students walking by my side. Fourthly, a regular nuisance was made by the cameramen and their automobiles. In America they take better and longer movies than any company in India do, and yet the cameramen there do not make of themselves such nuisances as the European and Indian cameramen in India. I hope they learn to respect the rights of those whom they are "shooting"—I mean photographically.

In the afternoon the Mahatma addressed an audience of over 2,000 in the open air. He expressed his appreciation of the enthusiastic reception accorded him and his party and getting down to brass tacks, he roundly condemned them (excuse the English phrase, the Mahatma is not capable of condemning anybody) for their lack of interest in the promotion of khaddar; for poor sanitary conditions in the village; for keeping buffaloes and neglecting cows. He expatiated upon the evils of the salt tax and in his homely manner brought home to his hearers *the enormity of this tax which hits the poor man hardest.* Finally, he exhorted them to do their share in-as-much as Sardar Vallabhbhai was illegally and unjustly snatched away from their midst —they should all be prepared to violate the salt act in due course of time and be arrested. The removal of salt tax is not Swaraj, but it is an important step in the direction of Swaraj.

The people of Aslali took the Mahatma literally at his word and served us food—lunch at 11:15 and supper at 5:30 exactly according to specifications. The Sabarmati Ashram enforces simplicity in matters of food, etc., this moving Ashram, it would seem, might outdo the parent one in oversimplicity so far as food is concerned.

A few people of Aslali joined us at the evening prayer (7:15). We went to bed at 9:00 p. m. as at the Ashram. The moonlit night, some 50 out of the 79 sleeping under the blue canopy of heaven studded with stars and rendered glorious by the moonlight—it was a perfect end of a perfect day.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

The End of the World

I have been searching for the end of the world
Where all the flags and banners wildly unfurled
Have been placed in their racks and the noisy drums
Have ceased their beating, for the king who comes
With nothing but his presence to tell he is here.
I have been waiting for peace and rest to appear.

Somewhere—I know there must be a silent place
Where men choose only to behold the face
Of that strange king who needs no blatant herald.
Today the peace of a song bird has been imperiled
By drums and horns and noisy fanfarronade.
I am looking for peace before I meet my God.

I have laid my garments for princes, kings and queens
Whose only sceptres and crowns were cruel machines.
I have bowed to a god who could not last a year
And I bowed down before him in trembling and fear.
Lord, I am weary of the steel gods that break.
Show me the end of the world where silences wake.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

Chiang Kai-shek and the New China

President Chiang Kai-shek is a military man of very few words; Madame Chiang is an exceptionally vivacious person. The general is a product of a military academy in Japan, while his wife spent ten years in the United States, first at a school in Georgia and later at Wellesley. She is a member of the famous Soong family. One sister married Sun Yat-sen and another is the wife of H. H. Kung, a member of the national cabinet. Her brother T. V. Soong is now Minister of Finance.

The consensus of opinion among the Chinese and foreigners with whom we have talked is that Chiang Kai-shek is the best man available to head the government. True enough he is conservative in his social policies and quite ruthless in disposing of Communists and radicals. But he has proved to be by far the greatest stabilizing influence and is probably able to hold the government together better than any other person could do. What China now needs desperately is internal peace.

He has gathered about him an able group of young men. The present government is far from perfect but it is doubtless the best one available. At this moment it is not possible to tell whether Governor Yen and General Feng will be able to secure a formidable combination against the Nanking Government or whether they will be eliminated from the scene. The impression prevails that Nanking is better equipped in men, munitions and money than any probable coalition.

The growth of nationalism is one of the most significant factors we have encountered. Sun Yat-sen is the symbol around which an effective campaign of patriotic education is being conducted. We visited his tomb near Nanking and were deeply impressed. When finally completed, it will be an imposing national shrine. Sun Yat-sen is rapidly being canonized. One is reminded of the Lenin cult in Russia. Dr. Sun's picture appears everywhere. His will is read at least once each week in every school and at all formal public gatherings, followed by three minutes of silent meditation. His three principles—nationalism, democracy, social welfare—are taught in all high schools and colleges by special instructors who are always members of the Kuomintang. The personality and principles of the first President of the Republic are undoubtedly proving to be a highly important factor in the unification of China.

Already the spirit of nationalism is strong enough to compel the foreign powers to restore tariff autonomy. Shantung and Weihaiwei have been returned to China. Most of the powers are remitting their shares of the Boxer Indemnity. Foreign post offices have been removed. The Mixed Courts at Shanghai have been turned over to the Chinese authorities. Chinese citizens are being given increased representation in the government of the International Settlement in Shanghai. Much against their wishes and judgment, the foreign powers are also being compelled to give up extraterritoriality. A high official of one of these foreign powers expressed the opinion to us that life and property will not be safe in China "for fifty or sixty years." And when we asked if extraterritorial rights will be maintained until security is assured, he replied in language more blunt than elegant: "Hell no! Extrality cannot last much longer. The Chinese won't wait."

China is determined not only to throw off all foreign control, the people are utterly sick of civil strife. Public opinion is still very feeble but it is growing. Prolonged civil strife has brought the country to a desperate economic plight. Railway traffic and river navigation have been demoralized. Taxes are exorbitant and budgets are consumed by military appropriations. Brigandage and piracy prevail on an alarming scale. Famine ravages whole regions. The price of silver is dropping disastrously with alarming effects upon exchange and trade.

The extent and degree of poverty in China is unthinkable; it is simply beyond comprehension. The recent report of the American Red Cross Commission points out that "30,000,000 Chinese are continually attempting to sustain life on less than the minimum required for subsistence," for subsistence, not comfort or physical well-being. Many times this number are only a few days removed from extreme destitution. During the past two years the people of Shensi have been visited with "the most appalling disastrous famine" known anywhere in China since 1876-77, to use the words of Grover Clark, special investigator for the China International Famine Relief Commission. Out of a population of six millions in one region, two millions starved to death in 1929, and two millions more are "practically certain" to die of hunger before the next harvest.

Even when the workers of urban communities are able to find regular employment, their standard of living is extremely low. The twelve-hour day is common and yet the daily wages in many cases do not exceed 15 to 25 cents gold for men, 5 to 15 cents for women, and 3 to 5 cents for children. A recent wage study in Hankow revealed an average monthly wage of less than $7.00 gold for men, less than $4.00 for women, and less than $2.00 for children. Since these were average figures, it is obvious that many fell far below. A recent study in Wusih showed that 80 per cent of the workers received from a minimum of $2.00 to a maximum of $7.50 per month. In Tientsin shop girls receive as little as $.75 to $1.00 per month in addition to two meals a day and sleeping quarters in the shop.

Most human beings will resort to extreme measures rather than starve to death, so it is not surprising that many Chinese are now turning to brigandage, piracy and soldiery as means of subsistence. Bands of brigands are now operating over much of the country, sometimes as many as a hundred armed men being concentrated in one band. Piracy on China's rivers and off the coast is widespread. Kidnaping and holding for ransom is a common occurrence. Any general can secure all the soldiers he can feed. After defeat in battle many soldiers retain their rifles and take to brigandage.

Several provinces are largely dominated by Communists or other radicals. There is plenty of evidence that the Communists are still an important factor in the situation.

Nothing is easier than to draw a dismal picture of prevailing conditions in China. The visible evidence is such as to warrant apprehensions and forebodings of evil days ahead. On the other hand, the situation is by no means hopeless. If China had a stable government her citizens would rebound with amazing vitality.

The Chinese have an incredible capacity to survive under adverse circumstances and marvelous recuperative powers. In the lulls between military campaigns business recovers with great rapidity. Canton, for example, has been one of the storm centers ever since the 1911 revolution, yet we were astonished to discover that a new city is being created. Streets are being widened and paved. Modern office buildings are being erected. An automatic telephone system has been installed and is functioning efficiently. Highways connecting the city with outlying regions are being constructed. Motor buses and automobiles are increasing rapidly in number. Faster steamers are operating in the river.

Substantial progress is being made not merely in Canton but in many other communities. Persons from widely scattered regions have told us that highway construction is being pushed forward steadily in spite of adverse conditions. In June of last year the National Good Roads Association reported that there were 20,973 miles of improved road in China, with 3,764 miles under construction. The National Ministry of Railways has an extensive program of new construction which only awaits the cessation of civil war. Regular air service is now maintained between Shanghai and Hankow, via Nanking, and there is reason to believe that within another decade air service will operate between all important centers throughout the country. China possesses natural resources and man-power sufficient to increase the standard of living substantially if peace could be maintained. Vast reserves of coal and other ores are awaiting exploitation. The Chinese are among the most industrious and thrifty people to be found anywhere. All over the Far East they are competing successfully with men of other races. Chinese merchants have achieved an enviable record for honesty and integrity.

The country desperately needs peace. Chinese nationalism will soon have thrown off all foreign control. When it is sufficiently strong to unify the country internally and maintain reasonable security for life and property, the people will rebound with amazing vitality. Just how long this requires cannot be predicted. We found men like Dr. Hu Shih, with whom we were privileged to spend five hours in an illuminating interview, hesitant to predict rapid progress toward stability. Many foreigners are even more gloomy. Students of the situation like T. Z. Koo and David Yui, however, are far more hopeful and optimistic.

It has been extraordinarily interesting and stimulating to come to China immediately after having studied the independence movement in India and the Philippines. Here in China one gets a glimpse of what may be in store for India after self-government is achieved. The old imperialism is surely doomed. But the construction of a new political and social system to take its place will certainly prove to be a long and costly undertaking. My own conviction is that the tide of nationalism is sweeping as irresistibly toward the unification of China as the current of this mighty river is sweeping on to the sea.

KIRBY PAGE.

Aboard the Yangtse Steamer, "Luen Ho."

What Is Empire? It Is Blasphemy

"Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains." So said the great Frenchman, Rousseau, herald of the French Revolution. Neither Rousseau nor those who followed him wasted their time in considering whether or not democracy was desirable for a world so long accustomed to other institutions of government. They argued that man was *born* free; and that was enough. The inherent right of all men to manage their own affairs—and the government of a country is every citizen's affair—was to them something that needed no proving. They saw that the imposition of arbitrary government upon the people by those whom chance or force or fraud had raised to power was a crime against a fundamental moral law.

A century and a half has passed since the dawn of the French Revolution, and in many parts of the world the chains are heavier than ever they were before. Among the conquering and conquered races alike, a vicious superstition has been fostered — the doctrine of a benign imperialism. Never did priest or feudal tyrant forge a more dangerous and effective weapon than this theory of the inequality of races, justifying with sham piety the exploitation of one nation by another.

[NOTE: The author of this article has gained great distinction in India as the man chosen by Mahatma Gandhi to carry his last message to the Viceroy. The article is important on its own merits, but doubly important as a specimen of the thought now dominant in India in the independence movement. Published widely in India, the article has been sent to UNITY for exclusive publication in the United States.—EDITOR.]

Let us examine for a moment the arguments of its exponents:

In the first place, you will hear it continually and confidently stated that the "subject races" are "unfit to govern themselves." There is no point in exposing the obvious fallacy of this statement, where a great nation such as India is concerned. Ability to govern is a relative expression, and judging from the moral and material degradation produced by British rule in this country, one can hardly imagine that any system could be substantially worse. But let us take the statement as it stands and examine it as a principle of government.

Every system of government must fall under one of two heads: government by popular consent and government without consent. All systems that conform to the first type are forms of democracy, whether the system be a simple tribal organization or a complex parliamentary constitution. The system may be federal or highly centralized. The power may be vested in a large legislative body or in a single individual. Democracy is not primarily concerned with the form of government, but with its ultimate responsibility to the populace.

Every government that does not conform to this first type must necessarily be:

(a) Self-appointed, and

(b) Based upon Military power.

It is at once obvious that these are the two out-

standing characteristics of imperialism. It is therefore clear that the principle of imperialism is: "If I am stronger than you, and I think I can manage your affairs better than you can, I have a right to force my will upon you."

Now, assuming for the moment that the imperial power is really actuated by this motive, and that she genuinely believes her rule to be in the interest of those governed, could one ask for a more unreasonable and chaotic principle to apply to human affairs, or one more likely to breed either anarchy or tyranny? Almost every one of us thinks himself a little wiser than his neighbor—does that imply a "right" for us all to dictate to each other in so far as we are able?

Closely analysed, the principle of imperialism is therefore recognized immediately as the primitive law, "Might is Right." And the western imperialist who professes to have progressed from such crude laws to the level of a high civilization, has in point of fact only covered the nakedness of the savage in the filthy mantle of hypocrisy. A deliberate confusion is made between the qualification to advise and the right to control. We all recognize the value of expert authority and consult or employ it when our health or daily needs demand its attention. But there are not many men who would fancy being permanently under the absolute control of either their doctors or their tailors. And so, if there be indeed experts in the art of government, their function must be to serve and not to dictate.

The other stock argument of the imperialist is drawn from the amazing assumption that some nations have either no right or no wish to be free. Lord Lytton, in a recent lecture, stated this argument in the following words:

"If what is meant is, 'Is it possible here and now to establish self-government in India in the sense that we have it in Britain?' I say that it is not possible at present to form a government of India imported from this country; and it will not be wise and in the interest of India to try to establish a form of government which is alien, namely democratic and representative institutions."

Notice first the clever hypocrisy of the man. He assumes that "democratic and representative institutions" are "alien" to India, and that they would be in the nature of "importations" from England. One is left to assume that the present system must be indigenous, which is at least a pleasant paradox! But further exposure of such patent mental dishonesty is surely unnecessary. Nor can I discuss here the case for regarding India as the cradle of the oldest democracies in the world, which once existed in her village life, though it would be possible to show that there was no more real democracy in England at the time of her conquest of India than there was in India itself. If India has failed to develop such institutions since, it has been because the germ of liberty has been systematically destroyed by what Mahatma Gandhi has aptly described as a "Satanic system."

But once more I prefer to confine myself to the principle involved. The assumption is that democracy can be "alien" to a country: in other words, that there exist races to which freedom and self-determination are unnatural.

Now this is certainly a very convenient assumption, because, as in the case of the first argument cited, it can be used by any nation with regard to any other nation and by any person with regard to any other person. It is essentially the same argument that Christian slave-owners drew from their Bibles in support of slavery ("Some men are born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water"). It assumes a race of natural slaves and a race of natural masters; and once more it is the strong who decide to which category people shall belong. The ability of a nation to govern itself can then be measured in terms of artillery, poison-gas and battle-ships.

But freedom is in fact not only every man's right: it is more than a right. When the great Tilak said, "*Swaraj* is my birthright," he stated a vital truth which implied a corollary too seldom realized. For, if *Swaraj* is my birthright, then *Swaraj* must be my son's birthright also. And this means that it is not only a right—i. e. something to which I have a just claim—but it is also a duty, because if I sacrifice my own liberty I deprive my son of his birthright. And the longer a nation has been demoralized by undemocratic institutions, the more urgent is her duty to free herself.

It is thus clear that, in fighting for freedom, a man is not only fighting for his own rights, but he is doing his duty to posterity. His own rights he might forego: but to leave a tainted heritage to his descendants is crime. It was well, therefore, that Sirdar Vallabhai described the great struggle now beginning in India as "a religious war." A struggle for freedom is perhaps the only form of strife that is worthy of such a name.

If you consider what it is that above all gives value and dignity to manhood, you will find that it is freedom. Human personality itself becomes a meaningless thing apart from our belief in free will. It is freedom of choice that saves us from being mere slaves of circumstance—mechanisms controlled by the forces of heredity and environment. Almighty God, who gave us this liberty, has shown that it is his divine will that man should work out the salvation of his own soul, and find by trial and error, even at the greatest cost in suffering, the true course of human destiny.

This divine purpose of freedom, if it is true individually, must also be true collectively. To fight against it is to fight against God; and that is why I have stated categorically that empire is blasphemy. One may argue that the removal of imperialism does not ensure the coming of democracy. One may point out that the provision of democratic forms does not of itself produce the democratic spirit. But all such points merely evade the main issue. When I know what is right, it is my duty to remove all obstacles to right action, and to provide all necessary conditions. When I have seen that I sin against God, I must forthwith change my way of living. As to other people, I cannot force them to act rightly, but I must do what I can to make right action possible. To condone sin, lest by abandoning it I fall into greater sin, is a complete surrender to the powers of evil. Even so does imperialism bind the conqueror and the conquered in a criminal and Satanic conspiracy.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

Sabarmati, India.

The Study Table

An Anthology of War and Peace

Vincent Burns went abroad in the Great War, and saw "the red harvest" at first hand. Already, before the fighting was done, he had vowed a vow. "My vow," he writes, in a lengthy and thrilling introduction to this book,* "was to kill this ugly thing called war which had transformed the world into a theatre of horrors. I gave my solemn pledge to God, over and over again, that I would do what little I could to end the war-system. I felt it a solemn obligation, a supreme duty to the boys who died and could no longer speak, to give my life-long influence to stem this tide of hate and anger which plunges whole peoples into murder, destruction and wholesale barbarism."

"I feel that this volume," continues Mr. Burns, "is the keeping, in part, of that vow." It is a pledge nobly fulfilled. There have been not a few collections of war poetry published since 1914-1918. But no collection with which we chance to be familiar has had the completeness of this anthology, and none has focussed its light so straight and sure upon the crime of armed conflict between the nations of the world. Some may complain that this anthology is too complete—its more than four hundred pages are set in small type, and the spaces are short and the margins narrow! But only completeness of this kind—poems gathered in abundance from all sources—could demonstrate with such convincingness the range and intensity of the "cry for peace" which has been lifted with one voice by the singers of England and America. If the volume is defective it is in a certain lack of discrimination in literary standards and poetic values. There is too much mere verse in these pages! But Mr. Burns was not gathering, like Palgrave, a "golden treasury." His purpose was primarily a propaganda purpose. He was out to do his "bit" in the "war against war." And to this end an inferior poem, spoken sincerely by an outraged heart, was oftentimes quite as effective as a literary masterpiece.

The array of material in this anthology is truly remarkable. We find all the great names of our time, all the familiar names, and many obscure and even unknown names. It is not surprising that Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, and Wilfred Wilson Gibson lead all the rest, for these men have written more poignantly, bitterly, savagely against war than any other contemporary poets. But they have worthy comrades. The chorus here is one of terrific intensity and overwhelming passion. The poets at least are through with war. One wonders if the old "bunk" of grandeur and glory will ever appear again.

Mr. Burns, the editor who has assembled and edited this remarkable collection of contemporary verse, is well known to readers of UNITY. He has contributed able articles to our columns. As a clergyman, he has paid the price of high thinking and plain speaking. It is interesting to discover several pieces of his own in this book. He is a poet as well as a prophet.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Red Harvest, A Cry for Peace," edited by Vincent Godfrey Burns. Published by the Macmillan Company. $3.00.

Correspondence

The Drive Against Prohibition

Editor of UNITY:

Up to the present the "wets" have not been able to agree upon a concerted plan of action. Certain proposals for modification have been urged, but these do not go far enough to satisfy the more determined "wet" leaders. Now, however, there are indications that they will concentrate on the proposal outlined recently in the House debate by that astute lawyer-politician, Representative James M. Beck of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Beck takes the position that the 18th Amendment merely permits, but does not require the National Government to aid in enforcement. Hence if it sees fit to do so, Congress may repeal the Volstead Act and leave enforcement of the Amendment entirely in the hands of the states.

The plan is simplicity itself, and if the "wets" can secure a majority in Congress, which they will try desperately to do next fall, they will almost certainly proceed on that line. Should they succeed, we must expect to see states like New York, Maryland and Wisconsin, which have now no state enforcement laws, thrown open for the manufacture and distribution of liquor, with bootleggers overrunning most of the territory east of the Mississippi and the north of the Ohio and Potomac. And of course the drive would not stop with this one victory.

Their main defense of this plan is that Prohibition should be left with the states, to be acted upon in accordance with public sentiment in the various sections of the country. It has a plausible sound, but its logic would no more permit state Prohibtion than National, inasmuch as "dry" states have "wet" sections and vice versa. Nothing less than local option, applied to small units, would satisfy this theory. Nor would the "wet" clamor then be silenced; for we would still have in a thousand communities "the majority imposing their views on the minority."

Needless to say our cause would not be helped. The way would be opened for bootlegging across a thousand borders instead of two, with the same difficulties of enforcement, and the same easy-money incentive to bootlegging and corruption.

This brief summary is intended to warn the "drys" against over-confidence and against the view now urged by certain professed temperance advocates that a compromise will bring a solution. The "wets" are calculating and subtle, as shown by their stress upon the plea that the present law interferes with individual freedom—a plea that appeals strongly to us liberals, as well as to the young voters. Of course it is a subterfuge. Ask the "wets" why they are not equally concerned over laws that interfere with their right to buy morphine or lottery tickets, or to bet on horse racing. They will say such laws are not opposed by any large number of people; that it is not a matter of principle but of expediency. Shifting to this new position they become solicitous for the sanctity of law, and feel deeply the unwisdom of enacting laws that a considerable minority will oppose. Their grief over law violation is painful to see. And they see no remedy except to give in to the law violator.

We need not follow their patriotic yearnings further. But it will be well for us all to examine their logic carefully in the coming six months; and during this time it will be well to study also the records of those superpatriots who, after much protestation, will finally consent to serve us in Congress if elected.

F. S. KINDER.

Denver, Colorado.

The League of Nations and Outlawry

Editor of UNITY:

It was indeed cheering and important peace news that UNITY promises to come out in support of the League of Nations, provided the Covenant of the League is re-written to harmonize with the Kellogg Pact, which UNITY has always defended and praised.

I hope that the Covenant may be thus revised, for perhaps the League will also then receive the support of Senator Borah, Mr. Levinson, the *Christian Century, The*

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

First Annual Conference on Militant Pacifism

Friday Evening, May 9
through
Sunday Afternoon, May 11, 1930
at
Hudson Guild Farm
Netcong, New Jersey

FRIDAY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK:

Anti-War Tactics—Moderate or Militant?
Leon Rosser Land
of the Bronx Free Fellowship.
Chairman:
Jessie Wallace Hughan
Secretary, War Resisters League.

SATURDAY MORNING AT TEN O'CLOCK:

Youth and Militarism
Tucker P. Smith
Executive Secretary, Committee on Militarism in Education.
Joshua Lieberman
of The Walden School.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT FOUR O'CLOCK:

The War Resisters' International
John Nevin Sayre
Secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation.
Galen E. Russell
Youth Section, Fellowship of Reconciliation.

SATURDAY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK:

1—Non-Violence as a Social Weapon
Devere Allen
Editor, "The World Tomorrow."
2—The Strength of the Negative
Jessie Wallace Hughan
Secretary, War Resisters League

SUNDAY MORNING AT TEN O'CLOCK:

How Can Peace Groups Work Together?
Joseph B. Matthews
Secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation.
Devere Allen
Chairman, Pacifist Action Committee.
Vice-Chairman, War Resisters League.
Katherine D. Blake
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.
A Representative of the Women's Peace Union.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT HALF PAST TWO O'CLOCK:

Labor, Socialism and War Resistance
Joseph Jablonower
Vice-President, The Teachers Union.
Wayne White
A. J. Muste
President, Brookwood Labor College—and
Cedric Long
Editor, "Cooperation."
Tentatively arranged.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Chairman.*
DEVERE ALLEN, *Vice-Chairman.*
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WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
(Affiliated with the War Resisters' International)
171 West 12th Street,
New York City

To the Representative Heads of Christendom:

HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE
HIS EMINENCE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES
THE PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Reverend Sirs:

There is being enacted today, in India, a drama, consisting of a gigantic effort, led by Mahatma Gandhi, to win the freedom of the nation by the use of non-violence, a method in contrast with the method of force, which must find a strong appeal in all Christian hearts, especially at this season.

You are earnestly urged to interpret this great movement to the end that you, as well as your congregations may enter into sympathy with this exhibition of spiritual power which promises so much to displace the old war program, and also to join in prayers that this non-violent method may be kept free from breaking out into bloodshed, to the disruption of the peace of the world.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE,
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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
CLARENCE V. HOWELLS,
EDWIN FAIRLEY,
SYDNEY STRONG,
HARRY F. WARD,
Clergymen.

An Appeal on Unemployment

To the President and the Congress:

1. We, the undersigned, appreciate the concern the President and other leaders in our political and business life have expressed in the attempt to solve the problem of unemployment and the stabilization of industry. No one has stated more emphatically the disastrous results of widespread unemployment than the President of the

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Nation, and all the leading advocates of Outlawry. But I have doubts, for so many of the advocates of the Outlawry of War, while vigorous and able as theoretic advocates of peace, have been sadly deficient in supporting the practical and effective program of the League of Nations, which already has suddenly brought to an end several wars, prevented many others, and promoted through conferences international goodwill and friendship.

But I must say that it seems to me inconsistent for our Outlawry advocates to be defending the Kellogg Pact so enthusiastically. Their main opposition to the League of Nations, as I have understood them, is that they saw lurking in the background a possibility of war, or something very like war, being meted out to any nation which violated its Covenant not to go to war.

But, is there not a similar possibility of war, or something like war, lurking in the background of the Kellogg Pact for any nation that violates the Pact? The Kellogg Pact says, in its preamble, that any signatory power which shall resort to war shall be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty. Of course, and this is most reasonable! What are the benefits? They are *immunity from war*, and so treaty-breaking nations are given to understand that violations of the Kellogg Pact, like violations of the Covenant of the League of Nations, are to have penalty.

The advocates of the Outlawry doctrine put emphasis on the importance of making war an international crime. But what does crime amount to if there be no punishment for it, not even a slap on the wrist. I know of no countries that pass laws against crime without attaching something in the way of a penalty.

But furthermore, both Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Briand and many other persons declare that the Kellogg Pact was not intended to abrogate the fundamental right of defense. It was explained that just as an individual has a right to defend himself from a drunken ruffian or from a highwayman who may attack him, just so nations may defend themselves.

To be sure it is true that all nations in war generally pretend that they are fighting in self-defense, but we know that is generally untrue. And so we need an international court, with a code of international law, to back up the Kellogg Pact and to define the limit and character of self-defense.

So the proponents and advocates of the Kellogg Pact have made it plain that war, or something like war, is reserved for a penalty to be meted out to treaty-violating nations.

In short, the Kellogg Pact is more like the Covenant of the League of Nations than the Outlawry advocates seem to realize. Under the Covenant of the League it is only the right of national self-defense that is recognized, and there is also recognized that in some way other nations should extend assistance to a nation which is wantonly attacked.

St. Petersburg, Florida. CHESTER C. PLATT.

United States. In 1921 Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and Chairman of the President's Conference on Unemployment, said:

"There is no economic failure so terrible in its import as that of a country possessing a surplus of every necessity of life in which numbers, willing and anxious to work, are deprived of these necessities. It simply cannot be if our moral and economic system is to survive. . . .

"What our people wish is the opportunity to earn their daily bread, and surely in a country with its warehouses bursting with surpluses of food, of clothing, with its mines capable of indefinite production of fuel, with sufficient housing for comfort and health, we possess the intelligence to find solution. Without it our whole system is open to serious charges of failure."

2. We again find ourselves in the midst of a major national business depression with millions of workers out of employment. At the time of the President's Conference on Unemployment it was generally believed that the Nation would never again be found unprepared should another period of unemployment and industrial depression come upon us; yet we are today unprepared to cope with the present crises even as we were in 1914-15 and in 1921-22.

3. Employment is the structural necessity of the modern industrial world. When our constantly recurring periods of business depression, with the accompanying unemployment of millions of workers for months and sometimes years at a time arise, they bring not only anxiety, hunger and misery to those who are thrown out of work, but they break down the industrial machine itself, and in their train follow the permanent deterioration of the worker in body and mind; increased sickness and demands upon our hospitals and charitable institutions; and finally crime waves and other forms of disorder which menace the security of society.

4. Although social responsibility for the conditions that obtain today has been assumed by government and business, through the conferences of business leaders called by the President in Washington—which is a marked forward step—yet the situation has steadily grown worse in the four months since the Wall Street collapse and the holding of those conferences, and no constructive Federal legislative program has been adopted to provide a system of public works to bring relief to the unemployed or stabilization to business.

5. In the expansion of public works, when business depression is upon us, lies the natural and fundamental remedy for unemployment. As has been truly said: "*Employment* is the only remedy for unemployment."

As private industry slows down, and production is curtailed, we should turn this displaced labor into channels of public improvements, creating a network of roads throughout the country; projects of afforestation, and drainage and irrigation of waste lands; and the development of water power. Our bad roads, it has been stated, cost the Nation two billions of dollars annually. There is not yet one hard-surfaced road across the continent.

6. We, as citizens, accept the general principle and absolute right, that all workers are entitled to employment and that the fear of unemployment, with its accompanying poverty and distress, can and must be abolished.

We appeal to the President to recommend at once, and to the Congress to enact, appropriate legislation for the inauguration of a system of public works to meet the requirements of the present acute and menacing situation in our country.

Adopted by unanimous Resolution of the Board of Directors of the National Unemployment League, Inc., on March 7th, 1930.

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NATIONAL UNEMPLOYMENT LEAGUE
(Incorporated)
420 Madison Ave., New York City

Herbert Spencer on India

"If in our days, the name 'birds of prey and of passage' which Burke gave to the English in India, at the time of Warren Hasting's trial, when auditors wept at the account of the cruelties committed, is not applicable as it was then, yet the policy of unscrupulous aggrandisement continues. As remarked by an Indian Officer, Deputy Surgeon-General, Paske, all our conquests and annexations are made from base and selfish motives alone. Major Raverty, of the Bombay army, condemns 'the rage shown of late years for seizing what does not and never did belong to us,' because the people happen to be weak and poorly armed, while we are strong and provided with the most excellent weapons. Resistance to an intruding sportsman or a bullying explorer, or disobedience to a resident, or even refusal to furnish transport coolies, serves as sufficient excuse for attack, conquest and annexation. Everywhere the usual succession runs thus: Missionaries as envoys to native rulers, concessions made by them, quarrels with them, invasions of them, appropriation of their territory. First, men are sent to teach the heathens Christianity, and then Christians are sent to hew them down with machine-guns? So-called savages who according to numerous travellers, behave well until they are ill-treated, are taught good conduct by the so-called civilized, who presently subjugate them—who inculcate rectitude and then illustrate it by seizing their lands.

"The policy is simple and uniform—Bibles first, bomb-shells after. Such being the doings abroad, what are the feelings at home? Honors, titles and emoluments are showered on the aggressors. A traveler who makes light of men's lives is regarded as a hero, and feted by the upper classes; while the lower classes give an ovation to a leader of filibusters. 'British power', 'British pluck', 'British interests' are words on every tongue; but of justice there is no speech, no thought."

"Principles of Sociology."

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